

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 60

No.

11

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

About a year and a half ago the Department of Visual Education in the Detroit Public Schools received a film of "THE BELL OF ATRI." Recently Mr. W. W. Whittinghill, head of that department, wrote to the American Humane Education Society:

"Our film, Bell of Atri, which we obtained from your organization, needs to be replaced. The film has been shown to a great number of schools and is very fine indeed. I would like to have the replacement price of one print of this film."

Since the letter came, an order has been received for another print of the film to be sent to the Detroit public schools.

Prints of this film have been sold by us during 1927 for use in Japan, Norway, Italy and Holland.

THE BELL OF ATRI, with its lessons of kindness to animals, should be presented to every public school in the country.

It is not too early to arrange for rental of the film during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary of 1928, April 16 to 21. It will be better, if possible, to show it before those crowded dates.

For all particulars, including prices for sale or rental, address, AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 11

THE Motion Picture, the organ of the great motion picture industry, tells us that in 1926 the people of Mexico spent four times as much to see motion pictures as bull-fights. This is encouraging.

ANIMALS destroyed or lost through the Mississippi flood the government estimates as follows: Horses and mules, 25,325; cattle, 50,490; swine, 148,110; sheep, 1,300; poultry, 1,276,570.

WE rejoice to see that a movement is on foot to demand of the French Chamber of Deputies a revision of the old Grammont Law (1850) in order to bring France into line with other civilized countries in the matter of humane legislation.

OUR appreciation is offered to Mr. George L. Martin, commissioner of highways and bridges of Haverhill, Mass., for his refusal to remove a horse-drinking trough so that a real estate owner could sell his property. Many automobile truck owners are giving up their trucks and going back to horses.

AN exchange reminds us of the famous remark of Mr. Punch, that "even a cabbage has his feelings." This because of the statements of Sir Jagadis Bose relative to the sensitivity of plant life. A bit of fun has been had by critics of the vegetarians who have seen the latter rather driven to the wall by being compelled to look elsewhere for something to eat. Up to the present, so far as we know, no plant or vegetable has uttered any cry of pain when being cut down or cut up.

THE following interesting figures are from Rear-Admiral Magruder's recent statement given to the public:

	1908	1916	1926
Cost of navy—			
\$82,000,000	\$111,000,000	\$300,000,000	
No. of officers—			
2,204	3,916	8,574	
No. of men—			
38,500	78,000	82,000	
Pay of navy—			
\$24,000,000	\$42,800,000	\$124,500,000	
Officers on duty in Washington—			
146	171	519	

OUR INTERNATIONAL WORK

WHEN Mr. Angell founded the American Humane Education Society he doubtless little hoped that its work would so soon become widely international. Its lines have literally gone out to the ends of the earth. Through the co-operation of missionary organizations in foreign lands its literature has reached thousands who otherwise would never have caught its spirit and accepted its ideals. Translations of its humane publications into Spanish have been sent in large numbers into South America and Mexico. Italy, Spain, China, Syria, Turkey, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands have been brought into very direct contact with us through correspondence and through our literature translated into the tongues of these countries. The Band of Mercy movement, first started in England, has spread, under the direction of our Society, into nearly every civilized land. This is true also of the Jack London Club, which originated with us.

Our *Dumb Animals* is no longer merely a national magazine, but in reality an international one, reaching nearly every humane organization in the world, seeking to cultivate, as far as possible, a spirit of cordial good will and affiliation between all interested in this common cause. The Misses Daveis, members of our Society, are now traveling abroad, visiting various humane societies and humane people, seeking, through prizes offered to school children by local societies and other means, to encourage humane workers everywhere and to create a more intimate relationship between the organizations of different countries. We bespeak for them a generous welcome on the part of those they visit.

OUR field worker and representative in California, Mrs. Alice Park, is now at Geneva, sent by The Peace House, of New York City. She goes in the interests of peace, representing both The Peace House and the Woman's Peace Union.

THE Liverpool, England, City Council has rejected the request of the Zoological and Botanical Garden Society to use part of their estate for a zoo. Great credit for this action is due to the work of the local branch of the Royal S. P. C. A.

HUMANE SLAUGHTERING

OFFICIAL reports have been sent us of a hearing lasting two days before the standing committee of the British House of Parliament on a bill for the humane slaughter of food animals in Scotland. The bill, if it becomes law, will demand that all animals intended for food shall be instantaneously and permanently rendered insensible by stunning before being bled, the stunning to be effected with a mechanically-operated instrument suitable and sufficient for the purpose and approved by the Scottish Board of Health.

There was much opposition, of course, many amendments were offered, but the substance of the Bill as given above has been submitted to the House. One striking provision of the measure reads as follows: "No such animal shall be slaughtered in the sight of any other animal, and no carcass, blood or refuse of any slaughtered animal shall be at any time within sight or smell of any other animal awaiting slaughter." It is easy to see how such a requirement in this country would necessitate almost the rebuilding of all our slaughter-houses. Here not the slightest effort is made to carry out such a requirement.

The entire discussion of this Scottish bill is but another evidence of the rapidly-growing public opinion in Europe and America against the long-prevailing and barbarous methods of slaughter to which we are accustomed. This bill makes an exception in the case of the Jews, allowing them to continue to slaughter by casting and by cutting the throat without stunning. This in contradistinction to recent legislation in Germany which makes no exception but demands that all food animals be rendered unconscious before being bled.

Our American National Committee is now planning for another demonstration in Chicago to test out three devices designed to produce instant and painless death for cattle, sheep, and swine before the use of the knife. Only those familiar with the innumerable problems that have had to be met can begin to realize the difficulties with which the committee has had to contend.

THE Week of Kindness," that's what "Be Kind to Animals Week" is now called in France. Several bishops have issued pastoral letters commending its observance.

RIGHTS OF ANIMALS NOW BETTER RESPECTED

PUBLIC MORE CRITICAL AND CENSORIAL OF PRODUCTS OF BOTH STAGE AND SCREEN

INSTRUCTION BY FILM

MR. WILL HAYS sees in the motion picture a great auxiliary to instructors of medicine and surgery.

"As time advances," he says, "use of the film will grow in importance and the doctor will find it of immeasurable advantage, just as the school teachers of the country are beginning to find it." A committee of highly reputable physicians and surgeons have endorsed his opinion and the production of films which relate to many branches of the medical profession has been authorized.

It is several years since an eminent medical authority came forward with the proof that clinical operations can be best demonstrated to the student by the aid of the motion-picture and photograph. There are those who aver that far better results have been obtained through this modern method than by the constant repetition of actual operations with the knife. Why then, we may ask, can not the motion picture be substituted for "experimental animal surgery"? What further pretext can be advanced by any honest and reputable medical instructor to justify or necessitate the oft-repeated infliction of pain, terror or torment to animal life?

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND CRUELTY

SOMETHING should be done about conjurers who crowd ducks into the false bottom of a saucepan and pigeons into a tiny compartment in a high hat. Canaries are often forced into an egg shell. The birds so used are certainly to be pitied and should be protected. Having played in vaudeville myself, I know that the sleight-of-hand artist, to insure his act's running smoothly, prepares his "props" early. This means a long, agonizing wait for the birds, so crowded that they cannot move, in utter darkness and often with a very scant supply of air.

—From letter in *N. Y. World*

A DISGUSTING PICTURE

THE following report comes to the Jack London Club from Spokane, Wash. We pass it on for the benefit of others:

"I was at a picture show, where there was Hal Roach's comedy 'Our Gang vs. Gas Garlies.' During this play a live duck is thrown into the enclosure. Farina picks it up, all the boys run after him; there is a scrimmage, during which feathers fly. (The audience laughed.) Then the boys stand away from the duck and its body was bare of feathers. I was disgusted and said so, and left the show. I thought you would be the proper ones to report this to."

AMONG the men who will have to be wiped out is the sportsman; the man without fellow-feeling (for animals), the man so primitive in his tastes that the destruction of life is an amusement to him.

I believe that the time will come when a gentleman found amusing himself with a gun will feel as compromised as he does now when found amusing himself with a whip at the expense of a child or an old lame horse.

GEO. BERNARD SHAW



WHOSE HOME IS A PRISON

K. H. LANSING

LITTLE "Bamboo" is the only live gorilla in the entire United States. He was brought to this country recently from Cameroon, the gorilla country in West Africa, where he was captured with difficulty. He is now living placidly, if not altogether contentedly, in a cage outside the monkey house in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. His special nurse, Head Keeper McCrossan, rocks and sings him to sleep every night so he will not die of homesickness and loneliness—the fate of nearly every gorilla held in captivity.

When "Bamboo," who is about one year old, was shipped from West Africa, with him, to keep him company, was sent "Lizzie," a two-year-old chimpanzee of about his size. Keeper McCrossan says if "Lizzie" were to be taken away, "Bamboo" would not survive long. The two primates occupy the same cage and live amicably and without even "squabbling," or jealousy. This is said to be only the third or fourth time a gorilla has been in captivity in America, but they all died a short time after having been placed on exhibition. The older gorillas sulk and refuse to eat or exercise and gradually pine away, as they sorely miss their liberty and homeland forest.

While healthy and husky and much stouter than "Lizzie," "Bamboo," like all his kind when caught and imprisoned, shows a tendency to mope. He does not mind being taken up and petted by a stranger, if he is handled properly. He rested his blackish-gray woolly head on the writer's shoulder just before the picture was taken, showing him on Keeper McCrossan's lap, and clutched the writer's arm, while he was held and seemed to object to being put down again. His actions were as gentle as those of a complacent baby and much like them in many respects.

"Bamboo" is being given every possible care and attention by the Zoo authorities. C. Emerson Brown, curator of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, is very proud of his little charge, which cost \$6,000 and wants him to live for several years, in which case, if no others are caught, or if those captured die, "Bamboo" will be the only adult gorilla anywhere in captivity. It will take from ten to twelve years, however, for "Bamboo," now so small and gentle, to attain his full size. It is deemed likely, in the event "Bamboo" lives, no matter how gentle he may be up to a certain time, there will come a day when he will realize he is being held a prisoner and when he will resent it with all the ferocity of which he will be able. This is the way, hunters and zoo keepers tell us, with nearly all captive wild animals—meaning those not born in the zoo—when they are nearing their full growth. While few zoo keepers, or anybody else, for that matter, know much about the zoo habits and reactions of gorillas, for the reasons given, it will not be surprising if "Bamboo" eventually becomes an extremely difficult animal to pacify after attaining his full size.

As one looks at the little fellow today, with his rather kindly, though somewhat stolid expression, as opposed to the malicious and mischievous countenance of "Lizzie," it is hard to believe that such a change will come about. It is to be hoped, however, that the extreme kindness and consideration now shown little "Bamboo" will permanently win his affection and regard for the strange human beings who peer at him from between the bars of his prison.

IN OLD COLONY TIMES

SOME quaint and curious customs relating to animals and birds recently came to light by the discovery of an old history of Cape Cod during the early years of the Plymouth colony. It is of interest to find that the town of Eastham as early as 1622 decreed that a part of every whale cast ashore should be appropriated to the support of the ministry.

Some fifty years later the crow and blackbird situation in this town became so serious an issue that each housekeeper was compelled to kill three crows or twelve blackbirds owing to the damage done by them to the corn. In addition to this obligation placed upon the housekeepers, the town voted that every unmarried man must kill three crows and six blackbirds while he remained single and not until the order was obeyed could he be married. How far this requirement succeeded in remedying the crow situation history telleth not.

All horses in the town were branded with the letter E to distinguish them from animals owned outside the township. Few vehicles were yet in use and walking was not considered a hardship or disgrace. The common method of travel was by horses fitted out with saddles and pillows. A man and a woman rode often together on the same horse, and sometimes a little boy rode before the man, and an infant in the lap of the woman. Horses were made to pace that they might carry their riders more gently.

IN THE PARADE

A GREAT parade took place in Boston on Saturday, September 24. It was the closing act in a two-weeks' campaign designed to arouse public interest in the various ways whereby automobile accidents may be lessened. Scores of organizations and business houses co-operated in this campaign, and by floats and various other means bore witness to their desire to make the movement a success.

Our large ambulance was in the procession and attracted much attention. It bore on either side placards with the words "Nearly 1,000 animals, mostly dogs, were brought to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital during the past year injured or killed by automobiles."

ANIMAL SUFFERING

By a Veterinary Surgeon

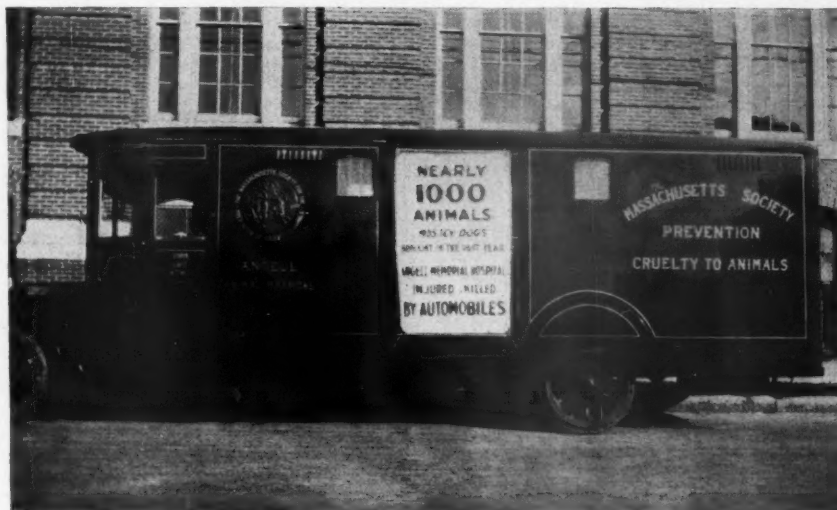
WM. BROWN, M. R. C. V. S.,
in *The Animals' Friend*

I HAVE ridden and driven thousands of miles on horseback and in my trap over the West Country—it has been one of the privileges of my life that I have been able to do that. Now you watch your horse, you watch its ears, and you find that they are never still, they are always in motion: suddenly they will shoot forward, then you know that there is something ahead that the horse hears—it may be a trap or motor or something else; or they may shoot backward, and you know there is probably something following you. But there is something more wonderful than that. You see one ear shoot forward and the other shoot backward; that horse can listen both ways at once. You can't do that.

I was one of the first unfortunate people to purchase a motor-car in our town. There were three Hupmobiles in our town. One belonged to a doctor, one belonged to myself, and the other belonged to a lady. I had a dog who used to lie in the corner of my room; he was a very lazy old dog, and used to wait there for me. He would always know the hum of my engine. He would never bark when the doctor came along the road, he would never bark when the lady came along the road; but immediately he heard the hum of my engine, even before the others in the house heard it, he would be up and barking, and running to meet me. That is a power of discriminating between sounds that the dog has which we have not.

It is surely the same with the sense of sight; these animals have powers of sight impossible to us. A stag with its beautiful protruding eye sees behind it. A cat and most animals see readily in the dark. Once when riding on the Brendon Hills near Exmoor the night was very dark; I failed to see my hand if I put it up in front of my eyes. Very soon I was completely lost, I knew not east from west or north from south, and I did what every horseman would, I laid the reins on the neck of my mare and away she went and took me straight home. Going the same way the next morning I traversed the path which that mare must have taken, and I was simply astonished at the narrow footway she had followed through the furze bushes not eighteen inches across.

Annual Fair of Women's Auxiliary, Tuesday, November 15, for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. See Notice on page 169.



FOUR-HORSE AMBULANCE OF MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN SAFETY PARADE HELD IN BOSTON IN SEPTEMBER

Ten Million Acres for Wild Life

HENRY FLURY

Biological Laboratory, Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

WHEN Uncle Sam goes into anything, he usually goes into it heart and soul and pocket-book. There is nothing niggardly about the Government once it is impressed with the necessity for a certain action. We sometimes weary of waiting and a good deal of talk is expended in Congress, but when intelligence prevails and there is an absence of partisan feeling, that body responds to the will of the people as reflected in public opinion registered in the magazines. For, after all, Uncle Sam is U. S. (us) and if we agitate persistently for constructive measures, Congress will listen and will act.

When the regulations for the new preserve of the upper Mississippi for the protection of fowl and game and fish were signed on June 24 by Secretary of Agriculture Jardine and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, they must have had a thrill when they realized that this recent addition will bring up the total acreage of such refuges in the United States to ten million. It will prove to be a good investment and the three million dollars made available to purchase the new Mississippi preserve (of which only about \$300,000 has been used so far) will return a hundredfold in the future.

Not only has the national Government set aside this vast acreage, but the more enlightened states have done their part and even private individuals, intelligent farmers, have either left a portion of woodland for a wild life refuge or have forbidden senseless and inhumane slaughter that often masquerades under the name of "hunting." It all shows that efforts of humanitarians, and that means people of vision and sense, will in the end prevail, and it should encourage all forward-looking people to redouble their efforts for constructive legislation in behalf of their speechless "brothers of Nature." It is a wise policy to give homes to the insectivorous birds that wage relentless warfare on the immense and ever-increasing hordes of insect pests that Dr. Howard says will exterminate

man unless he exterminates them. It is an economic victory.

Illinois is showing itself a leader in this movement in the splendid Conservation Code adopted by the General Assembly for adoption by the other Mid-West states. It is expected that other states in the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes will join Illinois in the adoption of uniform statutes along this line.

The United States Biological Survey on July 1 issued figures showing that from 165,000 to 200,000 acres are involved in the upper Mississippi wild fowl project, of which 36,000 acres are already under contract to the Government at \$5 an acre. Wisconsin has granted the major portion of the federal holdings, Minnesota recently gave its whole Mississippi tract and Iowa has supplied the rest, with the exception, of course, of Illinois' contribution. By turning this immense area over to federal administration, uniformity of action can be achieved. Uniformity is of all things desirable in this matter because of the well-known migrations of fowl and other life.

Taken all in all, we can see that although the problem still is present, progress is being made due to the persistent efforts of the faithful who have seen the vision and who refuse to acknowledge defeat. More than forty states now conform to federal regulations and there is an increasing tendency for co-operation all along the line. The international treaty with Canada for bird preservation should be followed by one with Mexico, for many of our water fowl breed there.

KINDNESS is like the sun. Its absence means a frost, a killing frost; it means blight and gloom; it means a world of pain that need not be imposed upon a world of pain that must be. It means day labor, light denied—the light of human sympathy and brotherhood. Everything that Midas touched became gold. Everything that the kind man touches becomes bright with tender and shining humanity. DR. GEO. A. GORDON

WHITE PEACOCKS

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

THE Old Rail Fence in the shadows
Where hung the leaves with their dew,
Where peeped the stars o'er the hay-stack
The hours of the long night through!
The Old Rail Fence with its lichens
In splashes of silver and red,
Oh, it was a rook and a shelter
For many a courtly head!

White trains there were in the twilight,
As white as the bloom of May;
Ah, trains in the blush of the clover
At the close of a summer day!
They seemed like the ripple of water
When it breaks to spangles of foam;
A cascade sweeping in beauty
Past lamps that flicker and gloam!

The Old Rail Fence in the shadows,
It knew in slumber and rest
Those sleepers there in the watches
As the moon swung down to the West!
The Old Rail Fence in its vigil
Through mist and moonlight and rain;
Oh, on through the years it has loved them,
The ones of tiara and train!

MONEY VALUE OF BIRDS

ELEANOR DAILY

THE figures of a careful observer show the immense loss incurred to horticulture by the loss of only one brood of birds. The average bird's nest contributes five birds. The average daily ration of each bird includes fifty flies or other insects. They partake of such supply for at least thirty days. The number of insects so destroyed in thirty days by a single brood of birds amounts to 7,500.

Each fly or insect will consume an amount of buds, flowers and leaves equal to its weight. In the course of a month it will have eaten thirty flowers or fruit buds. The 7,500 flies that a brood of birds could consume can cause a loss to horticulture of 225,000 apples, plums, or whatever fruit may be so affected, within one short month!

The producer and the consumer of fruits can readily see the advantage of the preservation of birds.



A STUDY OF A PELICAN

Bird Apartment Life

NINA K. SLATER

THERE are many interesting features to life in a city apartment. Just across from us, and right in the heart of the city, there is the most interesting community, which has, just this season, apparently learned the advantages of apartment life.

Just around the corner and in plain view from our window, a church roof rears its gables



THE HAPPY SWALLOWS

above surrounding roofs, keeping us in mind through the busy week of cares and strifes, that this, even in its silence, is His house, the house of love. A feeling of reverence and peace breathes its soothing calm over weariness and care,—the rush and hurry are forgotten. The red chimneys stand like silent sentinels above the roofs. During the summer these have been unused, but now October is approaching with unmistakable harbingers of winter and soon the summer quiet will be broken.

At twilight—when the world-day is over and we are at home—thinking our own thoughts and resting in the hush of evening, we gather around our fourth story windows and watch the happy swallow tenants going home,—serene, doubtless, in the thought that they are secure here in this house—His house—He who watches over “even a sparrow.”

A twitter calls us, possibly their Angelus, for quickly the dwellers gather from all directions until there are thousands darting about near the chimney's entrance. They come until one wonders how, here in the city's heart, they can all find room and safety. There is a note of joy in their concerted cry,—joy that the day's work is over, and they, like us, can return to the peace, quiet and love of home. It may be a warning cry, too, to those, if there are any, who are waiting at home.

Soon the whole community are in motion, flying in a circle which radiates in size, then widens and deepens. Now and then some careless, happy fellow who is not content with the established order of things and the regular movements of the majority—or, perhaps some flapper youth seeking the thrill of a greater freedom—darts out from the circle and wings his wild, triumphant way higher, higher, almost, it seems, to the far blue clouds, drops down again and joins the evolutions of the home-coming crowd. There may be some malcontents and anarchists among these temporary deserters. Another makes a little side tour of his own out over the dusty roofs and again joins his fellows. Sometimes, so concerted is the movement that it could only be by efficient command. When the circle seems perfect they will suddenly all wheel in an opposite direction, repeating this many times with as evident discipline as a general reviews his troops.

Soon twilight turns gray. The cries grow louder, the circle gradually lowers, and some weary fellows in the lowest strata drop gently down into the sheltering walls of home. The rest gradually lower, and, in a certain point directly over the chimney, fall slowly into the entrance of their spacious flats. They seem to observe a certain order, and one wonders if the patriarchs are first honored. The departures from the circle grow fewer and fewer and soon our friends fall faster and faster, until it is like the falling of brown leaves in a November blast.

The swallows begin to fall, slowly, warily, then heavily. All are in but a few stragglers who fly to the secreting trees or the clustering roofs. These, no doubt, must be the members who belong to clubs, the dissipated members, and those youths in their first summer who cannot yet settle into staid maturity. There may be, too, the adventurers and those sowing the “wild oats” of bird life. One wonders whether there are any little bird-hearts longing anxiously for those who linger behind out in the danger-fraught world, any mother hearts throbbing achingly, watching for those who dally with temptation.

Soon the furnaces will glow to banish the chill of October, and then the families we have found such interesting neighbors must join the great throng of migrants who seek the protecting southern suns. The flats will be deserted for a season.

NO OPEN SEASON ON WOOD DUCK

REGARDLESS of the provisions of state laws, wood ducks may not be hunted in any state at any season, according to the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, which administers the migratory-bird treaty act. This is a Federal law under which the hunting, killing, or possessing of wood duck is prohibited at all times throughout the United States and by treaty throughout Canada also. This game law, having been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, makes inoperative any state game laws, providing an open season on wood ducks. Thus, hunters are not allowed to exercise the privilege accorded them by the state law of Virginia, and persons found hunting, killing, or possessing wood ducks at any time will be subject to prosecution in the Federal courts.

DANCE OF THE HERONS

IT took place on a lonely sea beach where a narrow peninsula of smooth, clean sand runs out between the ocean and a little inlet, and it had for background the crimson and gold of a magnificent September sunset. There was no sign or sound of man; only the glassy ocean, where not a sail was in sight, the curving beach, the dunes, the level sands, the wide green marshes, and beyond them the hazy purple woods.

From far across the marshes came a flock of fifteen snowy egrets homeward bound for the hummock where they would spend the night. Suddenly they swerved from their straight course, turned toward the ocean, slanted down across the beach, and lit on the point of sand between the inlet and the sea.

Then they began to dance. Here and there they moved with slow, stately, rhythmic tread, bowing their heads, bending their long, slender necks, sometimes half-opening their spotless wings. At first only two or three birds took part, but soon all fifteen of them, seized by a strange irresistible ecstasy which spread from bird to bird, were dancing there before me, pacing and winding in and out in a sort of mystic maze. They wore no plumes, for the season of love was long past. But in the soft light of late afternoon their slim bodies gleamed with an amazing whiteness; and behind and above them, while they danced, glowed the vast and splendid tapestry of the painted sky.

As the gold and crimson of that gorgeous background dimmed, the Dance of the Snowies ended. With one accord, as though some leader among them had given a signal, they all took to the air. . . . I followed their flight across the marshes, until they were lost in the blue evening haze.

HERBERT RAVENAL SASS, in "Adventures in Green Places"

THE LARGEST ANIMAL

L. E. EUBANKS

MANY people are under the impression that some prehistoric animals were larger than any creature known to modern times. But there is no proof that ocean or land ever contained any living thing bigger than a blue or sulphur-bottom whale—many of which are still to be found.

The blue whale frequently grows to a length of 90 feet, and do you realize what this means? If the creature stood upright on his tail, his head would be as high as a seven-story building!

So much for "height"; but we have to be less definite about weight, for the simple reason that there are no scales large enough to weigh the blue whale. It has been scientifically estimated, however, that Mr. Sulphur-bottom would tip the beam at about 72,000 pounds! This equals the weight of nearly 500 men of average size!

The District of Columbia, within the boundaries of which half a million people now reside and are fed, could accommodate only 125 whales at its lunch counter.



HOLDING FAIR PROSPECTS

Wide World Photos

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Sept. 6, 1927

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

As a constant reader of your paper I venture to send you an account of an incident taking place in Hamilton, Bermuda, during this summer, which gives all the members of our local S. P. C. A. great pleasure. In one of our busiest streets, shaded by trees, a number of newly-fledged sparrows were seen one morning. They had either fallen or flown down into the road and were unable to fly up again. The police officer on duty at the top of the street beckoned to a carter who had pulled up and was delaying the traffic.

"Come on," he said, "don't stop the other carts."

"I can't," was the reply. "Look at all them little sparrows, I can't drive over them."

The police officer looked and saw perhaps a dozen of the little things scrambling about in the dust. For the next ten minutes or so he and some of the carters were kept busy catching and carrying the small creatures into the Public Gardens, to the obvious delight of their parents.

We are very proud of the action and think it stands out in fine contrast to that of a motorist who was reported to have driven over a puppy without compunction the other day in another country.

In Bermuda we have no motor cars, no hideous filling stations, and no animals tied up in the sun for the amusement of passers-by. Our police are warmly interested in the work of our local S. P. C. A.

N. A.

MR. ANGELL'S PROPHECY

THE following article, written and published years ago by the late George T. Angell, founder of the American Humane Education Society, is so timely that we reprint it for the benefit of any who may not have read it. It is called, "The Most Important Discovery of the Nineteenth Century."

The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor-clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier. That on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world—*The American Humane Education Society*—for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery. He will state that through the American press, by prizes and otherwise, it succeeded

in attracting the attention, sympathy and aid of Christians, patriots and philanthropists of all nations—that through its *Bands of Mercy* and an immense free distribution of humane literature it succeeded in reaching the children, not only in every American school, but also in every American home—that in all the schools, prizes and honors were given to those who most excelled in acts of kindness—that the children of the criminal classes were reached, because every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were taken by State Boards of Charities and placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens—that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kind to the poor, the poor kind to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime banished, because every child was taught in all public, private, and Sunday-schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the state and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

AS no cruel thing can be done without character being thrust backward towards barbarism, so no kind thing can be done without character being moved a degree forward towards perfection. HERBERT SPENCER

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

PROFESSIONALISM IN HUMANE WORK

HERE is the danger to which we are all exposed. We come to think, unconsciously, of our work as a business. The sensitiveness to pain and suffering with which we started out in former days grows almost inevitably less and less by constant contact with them. The preacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher, each, unless he guards himself against it, becomes professional, loses the personal interest that once characterized him and goes through the motions more like a machine than like one whose heart is as genuinely in his work as his head or his hands. To keep ourselves from the dulling and deadening influences of daily contact with the questions and conditions and cruelties that are constantly to be faced is no simple task. Often must we stop and subject our inner selves to such tests as will reveal to us the actual motives by which we are governed.

WHO IS THE SENTIMENTALIST?

The Answer of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge

HE is the man who, seeing visions, fights alone against the cohorts of entrenched privilege and opulent wickedness.

He is the man who first protested against the institution of slavery.

He is the man who first denounced the abomination of hanging men in England for stealing a pair of boots.

He is the man who died alone and forsaken at Khartum.

All the noble army of martyrs were sentimentalists.

Sentiment existed before science appeared trudging down the world with its iron feet.

Sentiment is the origin of all the noblest conduct of men and of nations.

Everything of man that is indubitably great comes from man's heart and not from his intellect, and true wisdom comes not from knowledge but from love.

The reproach of being a sentimentalist is often charged against the friend and champion of the defenseless.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

AN EDITORIAL BY ERNEST BELL

THERE is no writer upon themes relating to the humane cause who writes with greater sanity, clearer vision or finer ability than Ernest Bell, editor of *The Animals' Friend*, London, England. In a recent issue of that magazine his editorial upon "A Well-Balanced View" is so excellent that we are compelled to quote at least a part of it:

The love of animals is a special gift, like a talent for music or language, and one of which the possessor should feel the responsibility and should try to turn to the best use. But just as the talent for music will yield its best results only when the possessor subjects himself to a somewhat severe training and devotes years to the drudgery of scales and exercises, so the humane gift will bear the best fruit only when it is based on a definite principle and cultivated with some system.

The error made by many earnest humane workers is that their sensitiveness for animals is not regulated by any logical principle. A semi-hysterical devotion to certain individual animals or certain classes of animals is not sufficient and leads to the loss of all sense of proportion. It gives rise to the frequent charge made against us that we are mere sentimentalists, and in this way many who give their lives to help our cause are liable in reality to retard our progress in the eyes of men.

What humanitarians need no less than others is a well-balanced view of life and a definite principle of action which they are prepared to follow fearlessly wherever it may lead. We do not deny sentiment, which is the basis of most that is good (and bad) in the world, but sentiment should be subjected to its scales and exercises before it can be trusted to perform in public.

With regard to the love for animals as opposed to that for humans, we may admit that animals are often more amiable companions than our fellow-men and show good qualities in which the latter are very deficient. For this reason many people prefer their companionship, and there can be no harm in this any more than in the fact that some people like to associate with children rather than adults, and some like quiet friends, while others prefer them to be noisy.

On broad principles the humaneness which confines itself to animals and feels no interest in suffering and unhappy humanity is a one-sided affair and does not accord with the ideal and perfect whole. There are people who suffer agonies if they hear that a cat or dog has had his leg broken, who, at the same time, will read with indifference of the privations and sufferings of thousands of their fellow-men and women, but it is not in our opinion a condition of mind to be proud of. Humaneness, whether exercised towards animals or men, is essentially the same quality, and while each one has the right to turn his practical benevolence in any direction most congenial to his nature, he should never lose sight of the fact that in limiting his sympathies he is warping his nature. Humaneness, which is another word for love, embraces all in the perfect mind.

THE Delaware County Junior Humane Society of Muncie, Indiana, with 9,000 members, claims to be the largest society of its kind in the United States. Can anyone report a larger organization of juvenile humane workers?

LETTER FROM A HORSE

THE M. S. P. C. A. REST FARM FOR HORSES
Methuen, Mass.

To the Headquarters of the M. S. P. C. A.
Boston, Mass.

My dear Friends,—

I should be less than grateful if I didn't write you about the wonderful experience I have had up here at the Farm. The day they sent the ambulance down to Station 16 to get me, because they said my days of usefulness with the Mounted Police Force of Boston were over, I was badly frightened. I thought the plan might be to send me over to the rendering plant where they would end my days with a bullet and then turn all that was left of me into various commercial products. Imagine my delight when I found I was headed for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. A few days after arriving there I was put in the ambulance again and brought up here. The superintendent looked me over, pulled off my shoes, saw in what bad shape my feet were, trimmed them down, and then the first thing I knew I was turned loose in a great big pasture where the grass was thick and green, with not even a halter on me. I forgot all about those sore feet and ran around that pasture for an hour like a colt. I confess that was a bit foolish, for when they took me in at night to give me some grain I was pretty stiff.

I wish you could see me now. I have not been allowed to keep so fat as I was, but that has been the best thing for me. I had too much weight to carry about on my lame legs and sore feet. They are letting me pick up again because I have grown so much better. When the superintendent showed my feet to the president of the Society last week, the president seemed greatly pleased that I had grown such fine new frogs, that the heels were no longer contracted, and both agreed that the summer months on the soft ground had done wonders for me.

A whole lot of people have been up here to see me, having seen my picture in all the papers. I'm a mighty lucky horse. Absolutely nothing to do but have a good time. There are some poor horses here that I would have been ashamed to associate with once, but they are having the time of their lives and hadn't the remotest idea there was such a place as this on the face of the earth. Many of them have to go back to work in a few weeks, while I'm here for life. It's wonderful and when I think of it I lie down and roll and thank Heaven for the kind people who have made all this possible for me. We had a mass meeting under one of the shade trees the other day. An old flea-bitten gray mare spoke up with a great deal of spirit and said, "I move we send a vote of thanks to all those good people who have contributed this year to 'Horses' Vacations.'" Peter, one of the Everett fire horses up here now for several years, seconded the motion and, having been chosen chairman because I had belonged to the Boston Police Force, I made a little speech and then put the motion. It was carried unanimously. Not a "neigh" vote. I hope you will tell all our kind friends about this.

Always gratefully yours,

SWEETIE DON'T

Be Kind to Animals Week Anniversary,
April 16 to 21, 1928, with Humane Sunday,
April 15.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter,
Methuen
W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	9,611
Cases investigated	462
Animals examined	5,154
Number of prosecutions.	23
Number of convictions	22
Horses taken from work	65
Horses humanely put to sleep	87
Small animals humanely put to sleep	995
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	43,881
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	107

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Annabella Park of Revere, and of Hannah M. Neill of Boston. October 4, 1927.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 711	Cases 2,284
Dogs 511	Dogs 1,840
Cats 182	Cats 426
Horses 9	Birds 12
Birds 6	Horses 5
Monkeys 2	Monkey 1
Squirrel 1	
Operations 456	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 67,776	
Free Dispensary Cases.....	116,867
Total.....	184,643

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in September

Working galled horse, \$25 fine.
Abandoning horse, \$25 fine.
Using galled horse, convicted, case filed.
Beating horse, \$25 fine.
Working unfit horse, convicted, case filed.
Sending cut galled horse, \$100 fine.
Driving galled horse, plea of *nolo*, \$20 fine.
Beating horse, fined \$10.
Beating horse, convicted, paid costs, filed.
Cruelty to horse (sore back), two counts, fined \$25 on each count.
Sending out galled horse, pleaded *nolo*, fined \$20.
Using unfit horse, \$50 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Beating horse, \$20 fine.
Prodding monkey at Zoo, convicted, case filed.
Working galled horse, \$15 fine.
Working galled horse, \$25 fine.
Driving galled horse, convicted, case filed.
Driving galled horse, \$20 fine.

HORSES WATERED TILL OCTOBER 1

THE summer watering of horses on the streets of Boston, which began late owing to the cold weather, was maintained until October 1. In all, 34,018 horses were watered, as follows: Causeway and Merrimac Streets, 6,785; Roxbury Crossing, 2,506; Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue, 5,803; Post Office Square, 9,025; Winthrop Square, 9,899.

"THE BELL OF ATRI" IN DEMAND

THE Society's film, "The Bell of Atri," was exhibited at the Church of the New Jerusalem, Boston, October 2, before an appreciative audience. It was also shown, on October 5, at the Junior High School, Newtonville, Mass., in connection with a period of animal story telling by Miss Mabel Bragg, assistant superintendent of schools of the city of Newton. Literature from the American Humane Education Society was distributed to the pupils. The film, now available on non-inflammable standard stock, should prove an attraction to all schools of Massachusetts and elsewhere.

FAIR OF WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

Tuesday, November 15, is Date of Annual Bazaar for Animals

The annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in the interests of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, will be held at the Society's building all day and evening, Tuesday, November 15, 1927.

There will be bridge, with Mrs. E. L. Klahre as hostess, and a cafeteria with Mrs. Edith W. Clarke presiding.

The various tables will include the white elephant, in charge of Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; food, under the direction of Mrs. Fred B. Kimball; candy, presided over by Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, with Mrs. Howard F. Woodward as chairman; and Junior Auxiliary, Mrs. Mary M. Richmond in charge.

Contributions of salable articles, or of cash, will be most welcome and will be officially acknowledged if sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1928

Attractive Picture in Four Colors Will Be Feature of New Offering

FOR many years the American Humane Education Society has issued a Humane Calendar, which has received wide circulation. The offering for 1928 will exceed in attractiveness any of its predecessors. The picture, in four colors, produced by the well-known Osborne Company, shows a happy family scene with horses and dogs. The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to use in schools. Although extra expense is involved in producing the 1928 Calendar, the price remains the same: 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid to any address.

Among the Societies ordering our 1928 calendar are the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, the Connecticut Humane Society, the Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society of Woodstock, Vt., and the Santa Clara County Humane Society of San Jose, California. Societies may have special imprints, with name of society, list of officers, etc., when ordered in lots of one hundred or more, at these prices: \$16 for 100; \$28 for 200; \$38 for 300; \$60 for 500; plus cost of transportation. It is imperative that orders for special printing should be placed at once. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

A REPORT comes from Hagerstown, Md., that a farmer there accidentally killed a blackbird which was found to have sixty-four cutworms in its craw. The farmers in that region no longer shoot at blackbirds.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BERNARD SHAW'S scathing reply to H. G. Wells's article on vivisection in the *London Sunday Express* is too good to be missed by any animal lover, no matter what his views on this subject. Mr. Wells's replies, furthermore, to Stephen Coleridge's letter discredit him materially in our estimation as a gentleman and writer.

HUMANE Societies can be thankful that cruelty to children and to animals is condemned by the general public, that the laws forbid cruelty, that the enforcement of humane laws improves steadily, that schools teach humane education. And that the work of humane organizations is recognized as a benefit to the communities that support them.

ALICE PARK

A BOOK FOR TEACHERS

Humane Education—A Handbook on Kindness to Animals—Their Habits and Usefulness, arranged by Harriet C. Reynolds, with introduction to the first edition by Dr. P. P. Claxton, former United States Commissioner of Education.

Mrs. Harriet C. Reynolds, a vice-president of the American Humane Education Society, who has had long experience as a teacher, traveler, lecturer, writer and humane worker, has compiled a volume composed of extracts of prose, poetry and history from eminent persons who have spoken and written on humane education, especially as it pertains to the lower animals.



MRS. HARRIET C. REYNOLDS

This book comprises the very warp and woof of the life of a noble woman, whose strength has been freely spent in the interest of humanity. In different parts of the civilized world she has worked unceasingly for more than twenty-five years, spreading the Gospel of Kindness and helping to relieve the sufferings of our dumb animals, at the same time doing a far greater work in planting in the heart and brain of youth those sentiments that tend to uplift and build the finest type of character.

A new edition of this book has just been printed. It is not intended primarily for direct use by pupils, but is valuable and suggestive in the hands of teachers, ministers, and others who have occasion to speak and write on "Kindness to Animals, Their Habits and Usefulness."

Mrs. Reynolds organized the first Band of Mercy in Rhode Island, known as the Anthony Band of Mercy, having a membership of 250, with ages ranging from the kindergarten to Brown University students. Early in 1893 she resigned from her school work and gave her undivided attention to the extension and development of humane education, organizing committees and societies in most of the states and in all of the leading countries of the world north of the equator. She has had charge of the humane education exhibits at ten international expositions, beginning with that of Paris in 1900. Her exhibits received in all one Grand Prize and nine gold medals.

She brought out literature in the language of the country while visiting France, Greece, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, China and Japan.

The literature so brought out and placed amounted to more than 130,000 books and 1,000,000 leaflets. She was associated for a time in the interest of her work with George T. Angell, Francis Power Cobbe and Countess Somers (mother of Lady Somerset). In 1897 she presented to the Pope a petition in the interest of humane education in the parochial schools throughout the world. This petition represented three organizations having over 5,000,000 members.

Space can be given for only a few brief extracts from many letters received showing the appreciation of her work in various parts of the world:

"Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, of Washington, D. C., is at present, and has been for the past ten years, actively engaged in forming humane societies, humane education committees, and Bands of Mercy in different parts of the United States. Mrs. Reynolds was with me in Turkey in 1896 during the Red Cross relief of the Armenian massacres. Subsequent to this she went to Athens, and under the sanction of Queen Olga organized a Humane Society of Athens for the protection of Animals. The humane work of Mrs. Reynolds is known both in Europe and America."

CLARA BARTON

"It gives me great pleasure to know of the good work you are doing in Honolulu. Please keep me fully posted in regard to your work."

GEORGE T. ANGELL

"The book is a move in the right direction and is a valuable compilation of humane thoughts and expressions from many sources. It deserves the widest possible circulation."

W. O. STILLMAN, President, American Humane Association.

Copies of this book may be obtained for one dollar each by addressing The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TRUST FUND NOW \$1,310

THE trust fund being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education, now amounts to \$1,310. It is our purpose to raise a substantial sum, to which contributions are earnestly solicited, for the relief of those who, incapacitated by advancing age or ill health from continuing humane work, may be in need of financial assistance. Gifts already received are:

"Humanitarian".....	\$1,000
A friend.....	50
A subscriber.....	150
A lover of animals.....	10
Constant reader.....	100
	\$1,310

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

IF you wish to know what the American Humane Education Society is doing, send for a copy of the new pamphlet, "The Great Prophecy," by Dr. Rowley. It is free.

HUMANE EDUCATION NUGGETS

JAMES D. BURTON

LEARNING to think and care for the welfare of wild and domestic animals makes one more thoughtful and careful of the feelings and welfare of men, women and children.

Humane education should be fostered for the sake of human life. It is directed at good citizenship. Brutality is losing its cash value as civilization advances. It is no longer a part of the citizen who is best fitted for life in the world.

Plant ideas with young children that they will never forget and that will affect them through life.

It all looks toward better citizenship; toward more harmonious adaptation of humanity to its surroundings; toward a happier and more useful civilization. As such, it is worthy the thought and effort of those to whom the state has entrusted its citizens of tomorrow.

What shall we say we have done for humanity at the end of the year?

PRESENCE OF MIND

RACHEL PIERCE

IT was near the intersection of two city streets. A little girl on a "scooter" shot out of a driveway, narrowly shaved a passing automobile, and skidded in front of an ice wagon, drawn by a big horse, that had just thundered around the corner. The driver, whose eyes were not where they should have been, failed to see the child.

"Giddap!" he shouted, slapping the horse with a loose line.

A horrified bystander called an ineffectual warning. The little girl, almost under the horse's huge hoofs, wavered indecisively, panic-stricken.

"Giddap!" repeated the impatient driver.

The horse, calm amid the frenzy of the street and stoically indifferent to the lash, did not obey. Spraddling out his forelegs, he brought himself to an abrupt halt and waited, quiet-eyed and patient, till the little girl got safely out of his path. Then, majestically, he journeyed on.

..

FEW human beings have been more endowed than Charles Darwin with tenderness and sympathy for all created things.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

"Horse Sense" and the Lost Boy

HERB LEWIS

EDITOR'S NOTE. The following seemingly improbable stories are vouched for by the author, a well-known newspaper writer.

MY father, who was a New Englander, was a rare lover of horses. He saw in the horse more than instinct, more than "horse sense"; he saw genuine intelligence. How he admired a fine specimen of the equine family as it stood with its head well-erect; ears pricked forward and looking with investigating or knowing eyes at some object that attracted its attention! Standing with flowing mane and tail, a form of life and beauty, father beheld such a creation of God as almost human.

Today, forty years later, some men are saying the horse is gone, and like the dodo or roc will soon become an extinct species. There are thousands, however, who however much they may delight in the modern "fiery chariots" which now travel without the horse, will insist that the horse will never pass from among us. Indeed, there are many, many places where his faithful service can aid man that automotive power cannot reach. Even should this be overcome, there are too many people who love the animate so greatly over the inanimate, that the horse will be propagated and perpetuated up to that day when the world will be "changed in the twinkling of an eye." In fact, today, among the wealthier classes there are many, who having tired of limousines and super-sixes, are again turning to beautiful horses as means of joy in travel. And some of such horses their owners would not exchange for the most valuable motor vehicle yet placed on the market.

Though men like my father, who passed on some years ago, may not be here to champion the horse, the posterity of such men are carrying on and will not forget what good horse flesh has been, nor some of the remarkable stories about horses. My father, being an Easterner, was in close touch with the "Kindness to Animals" movement which became so firmly founded in Boston and which continues. *Our Dumb Animals* was a favorite with him, and he had real personal touch with Mr. Angell.

Such association builds ideals in character and strengthens the purpose which already rules in one's life—and it is handed down to posterity. Hence, the love of mankind for the horse cannot pass away.

The following story is founded upon, or inspired by, a little story often told by the writer's father:

On the old homestead in Minnesota a mare and colt were running in pasture near the house. One night after the family had gone to bed, the mare came running to the house, put her nose on the bed-room window and neighed. Realizing that something was wrong, my father quickly dressed and followed the mare toward the pasture. Every little way the animal would stop, turn and whinny and then draw father on. Down in the pasture was a shallow well—or where a well had been started and covered with boards. In some way the cover had been removed and the colt had fallen in the hole and could not get out. The colt was lifted out by my father and the mother tried in every way to express her thanks for the kind deed, running first to the colt then back and licking father's hand and putting her face up to his. It was such demonstrations as this, that so deeply impressed my father with the well-nigh "human intelligence" of the horse.

And here is another story even more remarkable:

Down in the hills of the Ozarks lived George Caswell. The family was composed of himself, his wife and two children, Walter aged ten and Mary aged twelve. The children one day wandered into the woodland, hunting hazelnuts. In some way they became separated. For some hours they searched for nuts and then became suddenly aware of being separated and quite far from home. Mary and Walter, unknown to each other, called and called, but without avail—they had roamed too far apart to be heard. Walter had started to go back, as he thought, but soon lost his way and wandered down into a deep canyon.

Mary, being unable to get an answer from her brother, decided to retrace her steps toward home, which she did. As she came out of the bushes suddenly, old "Dan," the aged family horse, appeared. Dan was an animal twenty-odd years old. In his day he had been an attractive stepper in single harness; but having aged, he had been turned out to grass and was seldom used for any purpose. The neighbors said Caswell was foolish to keep him about any longer. "Why don't you shoot him, George?" was a frequent question.

"I had as soon shoot one of my family or at least one of you fellows, as old Dan. He is not hurting anything and is getting a rest from long, true and tried service. He is welcome to the range of Caswell farm as long as he lives."

It was well-nigh dark when Mary, tired and worried about Walter, walked into her home. She had hoped that he had preceded her home, but he was not there. The parents grew uneasy as the shadows gathered and twilight merged into darkness. Caswell called, yodeled and whistled with all his ability in these lines, hoping for an answer from Walter. None came. Then the father set out into the woodland. He went up one canyon and down another, working farther and farther from home, until he realized he might become lost in the wooded hills himself. His frequent



WARRING NATIONS AT PEACE

calls and whistles echoed and re-echoed along the rock-ribbed gulches, but no answer came other than calls of the whippoorwill or the "whooh-whoos" of the hoot-owls.

After some time Mr. Caswell, by following a cow trail, reached a roadway which he soon realized was two miles from home and far from the hollows where the children had been nutting. "No wonder," he thought, "that a boy would get lost even in daylight, when I, who have been here for years, get lost so near home." Quickening his step he pressed toward his home.

As Caswell approached his house he heard Mrs. Caswell and Mary talking, but the voice of Walter was not mingled with theirs. Suddenly old Dan came trotting up, with almost as much spirit and action as in days of old.

"Daddy," exclaimed Mary, "what do you suppose ails old Dan? This makes twice he has come up to the house, acting as if something was wrong with him."

"Yes," added Mrs. Caswell, "I saw him come that way once before. What possesses him?"

By this time Dan had run up to Mr. Caswell, nosed him about, turned around and around and then started away. When Caswell did not follow, Dan returned. Then Caswell said, "I know old Dan—he wants me to go with him. Stay here, both of you, but if I call, you come, too."

Old Dan started and Caswell could hardly keep pace with him. On, on they went—up Hazel-brush hollow for a half mile, then turned into another gulch (it was close to where Mary had emerged from the woods), then on and on for nearly a mile. Old Dan never slowed his pace till he stopped, snorted and turned and whinnied.

At first Caswell could see nothing nor hear anything. Then he heard the brush crackle. He threw his flashlight in the direction and saw two feet protruding from a hollow log. His heart was in his mouth. Walter! Fast in the log—and except for slight movements of the boy's feet, he would have believed him dead. Caswell ran to the other end of the log, and called. Walter faintly answered. "Be quiet, son," ordered Caswell, "don't strain yourself any more—I will get you out."

A "hitch" and a pull on a pry-hole, and the log opened to the end where Walter was fast. Caswell sprang to his boy; rolled him out and clasped him in his arms. The boy was unconscious, but after a few moments opened his eyes and recognized his father, only to become unconscious again.

It was many days before Walter recovered from his terrible experience. Two things he fully decided. One was never to try to catch a rabbit in a log; and the other, that Old Dan had more sense than the neighbors who wanted to shoot him—whether that be plain or horse sense. Old Dan had won his laurels and an unending vacation at the Caswell ranch, even should there be no horse heaven—and sometimes I think there must be.

*BUT learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.*

COWPER

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

TAMING ELK IN WASHINGTON

LEE L. PHILLIPS

DRIVING east from Seattle for about five hours one arrives at Liberty near Blewitt Pass in the Cascade Mountain Range.

Sixty years ago Liberty was a booming gold mining center. A few "old timers" still live there and sit around telling of the good old days when "Bill Jones" would buy beer



"THE BUCK BROKE HIS LEG"

for the town whenever he found a hundred dollar nugget—which was often.

Cougars, bear, deer and elk roamed the hills and sometimes came down into the valley. Grouse, quail, pheasants and rabbits were abundant.

Today only a few log cabins and slab-faced shacks are left and the little mining camp now is but a pathetic memory of its former grandeur.

There is a fifty dollar bounty on cougars and the bears are few and far between. Once in a while one sees a deer but an elk is a rare sight in that part of the country.

In the spring of 1926 two elk, a buck and a doe, wandered down out of the hills into the timothy field belonging to Frank Bryant. At first the animals were very wild and ran back into the brush when people came near but the hay-field was a good place to stay, especially after the grass on the hills was burned by the hot sun, so the elk returned.

It is against the law in this county of Washington to kill an elk, and so the animals grazed about at will inside the big timothy field as though they sensed that protection.

Mrs. Bryant often approached the animals,



"THE DOE NOW CONTENTEDLY GRAZES"

OPEN SEASON

AH! Nevermore those dainty hooves
Shall leave their small betraying trace
To guide—as through his haunted life—
The cruel "pleasures of the chase."

What art can mend this satin skin,
Whereon you show with shameless pride
The ghastly stain where entered in
The torturing thing whereby he died?

Low lies the head that bore aloft
His proudly branched coronet;
And deep within his luminous eyes
Death's frosty signature is set!

He heeds not you—nor anything;
His wild heart, drained of fear—of pride—
Supine he lies; a murdered king!
Cain's brand be on you! Regicide!

J. C. DAVIS, in *San Bernardino* (Calif.)
Sun

walking slowly and talking softly to them, and in a short time she had tamed them so well that they would come up to and occasionally follow her.

Sometime later in the fall the buck followed a herd of cattle and in jumping over a fence broke his leg. The forest ranger shot him. The doe wandered around but always returned to the Bryants where she was well fed and taken care of.

The following spring the doe was caught and put into Woodland Park in Seattle where she now contentedly grazes while her young son of a few months follows her about inside the big fenced field knowing nothing of the steep pine covered hills that had been the home of his parents.

FOR HOMES AND SCHOOLS

PARENT-TEACHER Associations in southern California are recognizing the importance of humane education. During the coming year the presidents of fifty-eight local associations in San Diego and Imperial counties are to make use of *Our Dumb Animals* in educational work. Mrs. E. A. Edmonds, district chairman of humane education, San Diego, introduced the proposition of subscriptions to the magazine and the P. T. A. presidents endorsed it. Mrs. Edmonds has been supplied with samples of humane literature in both the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

A WELCOME MESSAGE

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

For more than twenty years *Our Dumb Animals* has been coming regularly to me at my former office address in Taunton, where I have until recently lived and practised law. Mr. Angell and my grandfather were good friends and the paper came to my family there in Taunton from its very first number,—and it still goes to my father there.

Since moving to Wellesley Hills, after six years in California, I have several times had my Boston terrier treated at the Angell Memorial Hospital, once for a broken leg and perhaps twice for minor causes. I have only praise for you and have many times told friends to go to you when their animal pets needed your good offices. I enclose my check for four dollars for subscriptions.

Yours truly,
ELTON G. CUSHMAN

AT THE DOG SHOW

To an Irish Wolf Hound

LONG and grey and gaunt he lies,
A Lincoln among dogs; his eyes,
Deep and clear of sight, appraise
The meaningless and shuffling ways
Of human folk that stop to stare.
One witless woman seeing there
How tired, how contemptuous
He is of all the smell and fuss
Asks him, "Poor fellow, are you sick?"

Yea, sick, and weary to the quick
Of heat and noise from dawn to dark.
He will not even stoop to bark
His protest, like the lesser bred.
Would he might know, one gazer read
The wistful longing in his face,
The thirst for wind and open space
And stretch of limbs to him begrudged.

There came a little dapper, fat
And bustling man, with cane and spat
And pearl-grey vest and derby hat—
Such were the judge and the judged.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
in "Songs for a Little House"

By permission of George H. Doran Company

AMONG the Bands of Mercy reported to the American Humane Education Society is one from Sacramento, California, consisting of 33 Japanese boys and girls. Eureka Satow, eleven years of age, is president of this interesting Band.



Gilliams Service

"BEWARE OF THE DOG!"

ISN'T he an immense dog? How would you like to own him? Still he's only one of many of the same kind in the kennels of Gertrude Davies Lintz, first American to breed the St. Bernard in America. These great fellows range in size from tiny puppies weighing seven and eight pounds to the great fellow seen here whose weight is nearly 250 pounds. He's much heavier and taller than the man who's holding him.

CALLING THE MOOSE

L. E. EUBANKS

CALLING, as used by hunters, means that the hunter, in concealment, imitates the call of the female and by so doing entices the male animal of the particular species to within shooting range. While small game, like rabbits, owls and plover, are often hunted in this way, calling usually applies to big game, especially the moose.

It is, I think, the most cowardly thing hunters do; so unsportsmanlike, in fact, that many gun-users flatly refuse to employ it. Like most other arguments that are used to justify cruelty, the moose-hunter's explanation is no justification at all. He says that a bull moose attracted to close range in this way is always particularly dangerous, at his best as a fighter and the match for any hunter.

The moose is in a particularly hold mood, true; but that this insures him against the leaden messenger from a high-powered rifle, or lessens the agony of his death one iota, is nonsense. Of course the hunter knows that. He travesties one of the finest things in life, the mating instinct, to gratify his own selfishness. By the calling system he outwits the beast that, perhaps, has outwitted him on every other count.

The moose's only protection in such cases is his nose, the ability to detect the scent of man. To prevent this, the cunning, unscrupulous caller selects a windless hour, or as near it as he can get, then takes a leeward position so that any slight breeze that may spring up will not carry the man-odor to the game. In other words, he so plans the ambush and slaughter as not to give the moose the ghost of a chance for his life. Then, when the poor beast, obeying the strongest, most pristine impulse of his nature, falls into the trap, and when the murder has been consummated—this wretch rises in great pride and calls himself a sportsman!

Of all the indefensible things done by hunters, this is among the most reprehensible.

CÆSAR'S ELKS

R. F. HAMILL

IN his wanderings about the world Julius Cæsar came in contact with many strange tribes of barbarians, and learned of many strange and curious animals and natural wonders. None of the animals he describes in his books is so marvelous, however, as the fabulous animal he calls an elk, about which any schoolboy may read in "The Gallic Wars."

"There are animals, too, which are called elks. In shape and in the varied color of their skins they resemble goats, but are somewhat larger. They have no horns, and their legs are without joints or ligatures; hence they do not lie down to rest, and if thrown down by accident, they cannot raise themselves up. Trees are their beds; the animals lean against these supports, and thus reclining but slightly, they take their rest. When the huntsmen have discovered the abode of these animals from their tracks, they either undermine all the trees at the roots, or cut into them so far that the parts above have nothing more than the appearance of standing. When according to habit the animals lean upon the unsupported trees, their weight tips the trees over and the animals themselves fall along with them."

Cæsar really deserves to rank with Marco Polo and Baron Munchausen, does he not?



"A GENTLEMAN ON GUARD"
"Monte," two-year-old pointer

HUNTER'S LIFE SAVED BY DOG

LUCILE FRIESE

IT pays to be kind to dumb animals. The life of Patrick Welch, of Bend, Oregon, was saved by his faithful sheep dog which carried a blood-stained glove to a camp three miles distant and led a searcher back into the hills. Welch had gone there to hunt, and his rifle was accidentally discharged, the bullet ranging through his hip. Unable to walk he tied his glove, covered with his own blood, to the dog's neck. The dog ran to the camp and brought the herder back to where Welch lay, bleeding to death.

The dog walked beside the horse which carried his master for twelve hours through snow-swept hills to the hospital. Welch will get well. The dog saved his life.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and fifty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in September, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 61 were in Massachusetts; 36 in Maine; 21 in Pennsylvania; 19 in Rhode Island; 12 in Virginia; two in Tennessee; and one each in New York, Missouri, North Dakota and Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 163,794

WHAT IT COST A BOY TO WEAR A BADGE

THE member is a youth with a heart for the dumb creation. That is why he joined up with the humane society, and that is also the reason for his having one of its badges. The badge has done good work in that lad's thinking apparatus.

Recently there came the chance to possess a rifle. There came also quite a number of invitations to go shooting.

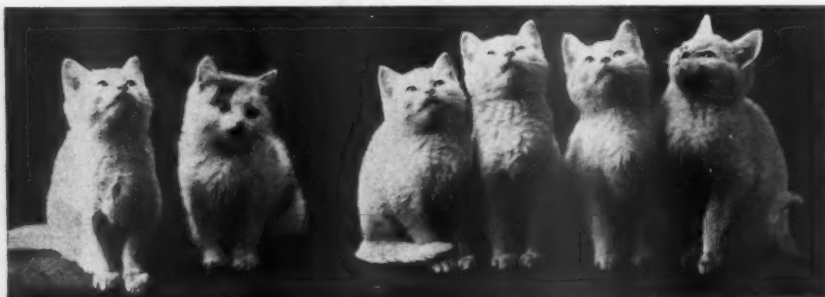
The Badge dissented. "You can't take me when you go out shooting," it said. And it added, "You can't take me merely because you are asked to kill a bird that never did you any harm. Killing as a sport is too contemptible for words," said the Badge as it revealed its enamelled complexion.

Now that boy had seen enamelled complexions on some lady grown ups, but none of these made him so squirmy inside.

The Badge was waiting for a reply, and said, "If you are a quitter, I'm off." The rifle was saying, "Carry me like a man, bother the badge, I am a very useful friend."

The lad thought of the Rifle, and had his hand on the Badge, but let it stay. The Badge had won. That lad will yet go far. Not one boy in a thousand would have refused a rifle—to use it seems in his very blood.

—R. S. P. C. A. Journal



THE UPWARD LOOK

Courtesy of Chappel Bros., Inc., Rockford, Ill.

THE JACKIE REDMUND BAND OF MERCY OF BROMLEY PARK, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

UNDER a shady tree sleeps "Jackie Redmund," never to wake in this world, while in the neighborhood in which he lived, about seventy-five boys are doing deeds of mercy and kindness in his memory.

Robert MacFarland, the district chief, has organized a Band of Mercy Scout team, and has laid out each district, and placed two boys on each, who are to cover the route each day and report if any animal is hungry or suffering.

A committee of boys wait at the fish markets until after 6 p.m., Fridays, and are given the scraps of left-over fish, to be distributed to stray cats. Up and down the alleys the boys go with paper plates of salmon and jars of milk given them by interested neighbors. The horses are carefully watched, and a driver hardly dares to touch his whip, lest there appear a boy with a Band of Mercy badge. Every bird which has broken its wing, or become hurt in any way is taken into one of the boy's houses and kept until it is healed and then released. In hot weather all of the neighbors are requested to put out water for the animals to drink.

The district chief places a signal in his office window when he needs the help of the other members. One of the members plans the meetings and each member brings a penny which is used to buy milk or fish and meat scraps from the markets. The frightened stray cats of the past now follow the boys without fear, looking for their food and milk. The parents of these boys are taking great interest in the work and are helping in many ways.

MRS. CARLYLE'S DOG

IN the "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," by Mrs. Ireland, we read:

"About this time (December, 1849) a much humbler element of happiness entered her saddened life, in the shape of a little dog, Nero, who was an attached pet of Mrs. Carlyle's and who lies buried in the garden at Cheyne Row, after eleven years of companionship, such as dogs sometimes know how to give. . . . Mrs. Carlyle wrote on February 1 to Mr. Barnes:

"My gratitude to you will be as long as my life, for shall I not as long as I live remember that poor little dog? Oh, don't think me absurd, you, for caring so much about a dog. Nobody but myself can have any idea what that little creature has been in my life. My inseparable companion during eleven years; ever doing his little best to keep me from feeling sad and lonely."



THE FRIENDLY SQUIRREL

DR. A. H. PALMER

WE human beings do not often realize that small wild animals live in constant fear of enemies. Squirrels and rabbits are hunted down by foxes and dogs until their numbers have decreased. Our native wild animal life has diminished in number to such an extent that there is danger that certain kinds of animals will disappear entirely unless precautions are taken to save that which remains.

The accompanying picture is a photograph of a fearless squirrel who courteously posed for the photographer. Had there been a dog in the vicinity, there would have been no picture. Where protected from ruthless hunters and from dogs, as they are in some of our city parks, squirrels become quite tame. They do not live long when enclosed in small cages. But when allowed to roam at large in city parks, where they are protected from enemies which seek to destroy them, they thrive and increase in numbers. As companions for the children, they are without rival among small wild game, for they soon learn to eat out of a friendly hand, providing that no dogs are around.

MRS. W. P. CARUTHERS, chairman of education in the Cape Girardeau, Mo., Home Service Parent-Teacher's Association, states that boys of their city made over one hundred bird-houses and placed them in the city parks and as many more at their homes, as well as bird-baths, dog-houses and other articles for the care and feeding of birds and animals. The boys have the full co-operation of the manual-training director at school and are planning many more similar projects.

HUMANE EDUCATION is the foundation of all reform. If it were universally adopted, poverty, crime and war would be greatly diminished, and in time the vast amount of money expended to sustain armies, prisons, etc., would be saved for the benefit of the people. The following states have compulsory humane education laws: Oklahoma, Illinois, Colorado, Wyoming, North Dakota, Maine, Michigan, South Dakota, Washington, New Hampshire, Texas, Wisconsin, California, Massachusetts, Utah, Pennsylvania, New York, Alabama, Connecticut, Florida, Kentucky, Nevada, Oregon, Louisiana.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, WHOSE TRAGIC FATE WAS MENTIONED IN A FORMER ISSUE

"HE CARRIED THE LAMBS IN HIS BOSOM"

LOUELLA C. POOLE

OF all the pictures of our Lord,
The one I like the best
Is that where as a shepherd kind
He holds against His breast
A tender little snow-white lamb
That in His arms finds rest.

Naught speaks to me more of His love,
So infinite and deep,
That could in others' joys rejoice,
With others' sorrows weep,
Than this, where in His arms He holds
That tiny baby sheep.

CHILDREN everywhere will be pretty sure to see that their own pets have plenty to eat on Thanksgiving Day. How about the stray cats and dogs and possibly birds which may be in want of food?

JUDGE OWL'S OPINION

DAISY K. MURPHY

THE regular monthly meeting of the Animals' Advancement Association was in session. Judge Owl had been chosen to preside on account of his reputation for great wisdom. The question under discussion was: Which one of the families represented deserved the honor of being considered of the greatest service to the big brother of them all, Man?

First to speak was the parrot, who based his claim on the fact that he alone of all the animal creation could carry on as man to man an intelligent conversation. The dog barked protestingly that all the world acknowledged him as Man's truest friend and closest companion. A loud neigh came from the horse; he helped Man carry his heavy loads and took part with him in many of his favorite outdoor sports. The cat—she was felinely fair—meowed plaintively that she was busy night and day chasing rats and mice away. A strange pair, the cow and bee, joined forces in vowing that since the earliest days they had kept the land flowing in milk and honey. The goat bleated that she, too, had contributed to the general milk supply. "Baa," said the sheep; he was Man's greatest comforter, because he furnished wool to protect him from the winter's cold. The groundhog claimed the honor of being Man's first weather prophet; besides, he was the only animal for whom a special day of the year had been named, the second of February. A rustle was heard near the silkworm, who modestly mentioned that she produced silks of richest sheen to deck the ladies fair. The monkey winked roguishly and said that none could furnish the boys and girls as much amusement as could he by his merry antics. The hen cacklingly called attention to the eggs she furnished them to eat. Being the first wireless carrier of long-distance messages was the proud boast of the pigeon. The songbird trilled his lovely note and sang that all day long he raised his voice to bid Mankind be grateful and rejoice.

Judge Owl considered the cases thoughtfully and out of his wisdom spoke: "My friends, pray cease this jealous strife. Each of us has his own work to do. By doing it in the best way we can, each of us can do his part in rendering loving and unselfish service to our big brother, Man."



A SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO

TWO NEW REMARKABLE PAMPHLETS

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Turn to page 167, read "Mr. Angell's Prophecy", then send for a FREE copy of the eight-page leaflet by President Francis H. Rowley, entitled, "THE GREAT PROPHECY." It is one of the finest pieces of humanitarian literature yet produced, in which the humane education leader of the past and the humane education leader of the present set forth their views on this most important subject.

Dallas Lore Sharp, one of the ablest nature writers of the day, upon whom it is generally agreed the mantle of John Burroughs has fallen, is the author of "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" published by Harper & Bros., a book full of intense interest to the lover of animals and birds.

By special permission of the publishers, we have reprinted selections from this book, in a very attractive 32-page booklet. It should receive a wide circulation. Single copies, 5 cents; per 100 copies, \$4.00, postpaid to any address. Send today for a sample copy.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

COUNTRY COUSINS, Walter A. Dyer

The author of these essays and sketches not only feels but demonstrates his kinship with all living things. At Rock Walls Farm, which every reader will picture as a near-paradise for so many of nature's children, Mr. Dyer enjoys an intimacy with his cotenants that others, even the would-be friends of animals, seldom acquire. And this must be the secret of the author's power and success in writing so fully and fascinatingly of his "country cousins": To those tried and true friends whom they love, and trust the best, have these kindred of the fields, the farm and the fireside revealed themselves the freest and fullest. How far and how constantly they are helping to make life happy and interesting, especially to the country dweller, is related by one in whose heart they hold a special place.

We cannot refrain from quoting two paragraphs of the author's own as showing how inhuman, illogical and unjust mankind today is towards its animal brothers and how much is being missed by its failure to understand and appreciate them. He says:

"For centuries the so-called lower animals have had to wait, suffering and enslaved and dumb, for justice. They are still waiting. We continue to beat them in order to bend them to our wills. We continue to torture them into obedience and subjection for purposes of entertainment. We continue to shoot them for sport and to capture them in barbarous traps that our ladies may have soft furs to wear. We continue to yield to hysteria in a 'mad dog' scare, and shoot down dogs that have escaped from muzzle or leash, instead of trying to learn how to treat a rare canine illness that we are most of us totally ignorant about. Sometimes it seems as if we had not yet begun to understand that animals have their rights under God, that their emancipation is demanded of us, and that man is but a privileged brother of the beasts of the field.

"I feel no scorn or resentment toward those millions of human beings who have missed the beauty of this great truth. I can only feel sorry for them, as well as for the animals that they cannot or will not understand. The world is filled with riches for me of which they are unaware. The catbirds that nest in the bushes beside my brook and sing at eventide; the swallows in my barn and the robins on my lawn; the strange cat that stalks across my meadow; the woodchuck that peers at me over the stone wall; the squirrels at work and at play about my hickory trees; the woodpecker that alights on the trunk of my locust tree and the

hummingbird in the flower garden; the butterfly on the milkweed blossom; the lowly toad beneath the tomato vines—they are all my brothers and sisters. St. Francis of Assisi was wise in his generation when he called them that."

Mr. Charles Livingston Bull, master painter of animal life, contributes some of his characteristic illustrations.

164 pp., \$3.00. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

ROOSTER ADOPTED LONE CHICK

HERE is a story that I thought was so good I'd like to pass it on to *Our Dumb Animals*: A friend of mine was telling me about a rooster which she prizes very highly, and this is the reason. She had some little chickens, which one by one were disappearing on account of rats. Finally the number dwindled to two, and after having been away one day she returned late in the afternoon and found another had been taken, thus leaving one little chick. The mother hen evidently got disgusted or discouraged and refused to take care of only one chicken, so while the mother perched herself on the roost with the other hens and roosters at dusk, this one chicken was left to try to find shelter on the floor of the hen-house. Being lonely, it peeped and peeped, but the mother hen failed to respond, and each time my friend tried to force her to mother the chicken she went back to the roost again.

Finally the peeping ceased, and my friend went out again to the hen-house, but could find no trace of the chicken, and thinking that the rat had gotten the last lone chick, she was ready to give up the hunt, when she spied the big rooster on the floor. As she looked his way he calmly raised one wing, and there, hovering underneath, was the little orphan chicken. When the rooster knew she had seen it, he lowered his wing again, and there the chicken stayed for the night.

Now the chicken is quite large, and ever since those two birds have been the best of friends. This kindly act of the big rooster has saved his life, as he was doomed to be fattened for the table, but now my friend has not the heart to kill a rooster with so much feeling for a lone chicken. M. C. U.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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